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"Aha-hum. Vastly entertaining, no doubt.

"Oh, only a trifle. 'Tis simply a little Pas-

pocket-book, counted out five ten dollar bills,

fashion, to lay hands upon and tear up all the

What in the devil do you mean, sir?"

"Don't you see?" said Digest, coolly. "Our queenly friend has changed her mind about the

blication of her adventures, and has commis-

oned me to inform you, and guarantee you

'Ah, I understand," said Clinquant, throw himself back in his chair, with a smile o

"You have come to buy me off. Well,

against any loss consequent upon the change.

bid, and let me see at how large a figure my revenge is valued."

"Fiddle-dee-dee!" laughed the lawyer; "that

"I don't understand you, Digest."
"I'll make it plain, then. Mrs. Fleming says

Suppose I say it shall, how then? Who

the story shall not be published; and, sir, I say

cerned, all I have to say is, 'La Reine le

and, laying them on the table, said :

"See if that is right." Proceeding

No scandal in them, I hope?"

this Sub Rosa matter?"

roof-sheets within reach.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

[Copyright secured according to late.] For the National Era. HERMAN:

YOUNG KNIGHTHOOD.

EY E. FOXTON,

Author of " Premices."

CHAPTER XV-Concluded

tance laushing, as she laid her hand upon his

it, just before she set me down safely

ish, I suppose: nor did I till this that she calls it, if you were her director; and you are right. Of all things, I detest and des-

"And of all things, I love truth," said Herman, pressing her hand-"Truth and Constan-ce, one and inseparable!" And so they were. Herman ought not to have made puns, especially had ones; but this one was founded on fact,

manuroachable heroine, his sovereign queen, seventh heavenly saint? She was gone; and he did not miss her. His tragic muse had at her baskins off, because the place whereon the stood was holy ground; but she stood for that only the nearer to his heart. It is not its pretty covers, that is so well pleased when es to read it, or with so good reason. Herman had found in his—the fair pages of his Constance's heart—not quite what he had ex-

agh thoughtlessness and artlessness, ess; and she berself was incapable of

"Suffer me not in any want To seek refreshment from a plant Thou didst not set; since all must be Plucked up whose growth is not from Thee.

The Angel in the House. Herman's second letter (written on the se his club, that "she would trouble him to ther to Baltimore the next day, to call good."

"Catholicism,' or Christianity?"

prosperity; for, how poor or lonely soever individual lot may be, there can scarcely "In its pla

soft, warm embrace, she rested a moment, like a weary child, lost, but comforted by being found again. "I had no sister," whispered she, in a voice choked with emotion, "to counsel me, or I could never have made him so unhance! I could never have made him so unhance!

see often, without strong feeling of some kind towards her; and, in her present mood, it was impossible to dislike her. She was a creature of many phases, and the one which now appeared was,

"To herself and all, a sweet surprise." She became as a little child. "Let me be s

she became as a little child. "Let me be a child," she would say, "and begin my life afresh. Teach me. Blame me when I deserve it. Begin at the beginning with me. I have begun quite wrong; and I must pick out my work as well as I can, and do it over again. I never have been properly trained; I never would be. Treat me as you do Jenny, dear Aunt Cora. Say, 'Constance, Constance, don't be foolish—don't be wilful—be gentle—do as you would be done by ! "

In company, she was said, indeed, to be won-derfully unchanged, except that she endeavored to learn, in imitation of Mrs. Ronaldson and clara, to practice more of that general attention to others, courtesy, or, to speak plainly, kind-ness, in which she had piqued herself upon her deficiency, which gave some discerning people occasion to say that her loss of property had taken down her pride a little; but the dear down safely nestic Constance, impetuous and imaginative ough then it came very near being all still, yet docile and tender—disinterested and conscientious, yet gay and sportive-graceful and refined as ever, yet simple and natural, was something that neither bishop, relations, the brilliant and haughty Miss Aspenwall, nor the meek and mute Sister Agnes Alexis, had ever dreamed of before.

Many characters appear to attitudinize all

Many characters appear to attitudinize all through life, making tableaux-rivans, more or less cataleptic or grotesque, of their own or other people's beau idea'. A wonderful relief it would be to them, sometimes, if they could get their own or other people's leave to spring down from their pedestals, be themselves as God meant them to be, forget themselves and their posturing, and sit, stand, or walk, as harmless nature dictates. This freedom and refreshment was now enjoyed by Constance. Satisfied with loving, she forgot to be imposing; and thus for the first time became—it happens so sometimes, when the nature is a fine one—truly admirable. She looked at our hero, and no longer thought or cared whether or not she looked a heroine. But there are many things in this world less heroic than devotion and humility.

Between this hero and heroine, there was

Between this hero and heroine, there was now but one barrier left. Each wished it away, yet neither knew how to throw it down. All through the week, they walked,

On Monday afternoon, Constance, who had on Monday afternoon, Constance, who had remarkable skill in drawing outlines, had been amusing herself and the children by sketching the profiles of different members of the family, and making them say, which was who. Perhaps it was partly a sly device, to give that wily young person an excuse for the study of certain features which were, according to her impartial judgment, incomparably regular, fine, and noble, and from the contemplation of which her eyes had fasted for years. "There, children, run to the window, and

guess who that is. Now, Herman, it is your bir years. They are grave, earnest commanding, powerful. They must have been stern sometimes in conflict, to be so strong when at rest. Herman, I never supposed before that I was cowardly; but, if you did not love me so, I could find it in me to be afraid of you."

Constance, the queen, afraid of her cham-

pion?" said he, smiling and altering his out-line very much, like a very bad sitter, as he was, but his artist did not chide him. "Ariadne afraid of her panther? Are you afraid of its faring with you as it did with Paul Pry when said the keeper, 'Observe this here tiger—how tame!' But he bit Paul Pry's finger, who

danced with the pain?"

"You absurd youth, no! I am not afraid of anything on earth when I see you smile—except of your laughing at me, of which I think there

may be some danger."
"There is not. I never shall laugh at you, unless it is for being afraid of so very tame and

"Not unless they're rery queer. Couldn't you forgive the infirmity of human nature, in that case, and laugh too?"

hen abruptly: "Herman, do you think it is

goes against my conscience?"
"My dearest love, if it went against your conscience, what difference could my wishes, or those of any man, make to you?"

Sho clasped her hands, and was silent for an instant. Then, planting her little footmore firmly on the flowery floor, she resumed: "None, Her-

man. After the example which you set me three years ago, they ought not, they should not make any. But, oh, I hope God, in his mercy, will remember how much weaker I am than you, and never call upon me to choose between my duty

"Amen to that last clause. I shall never call upon you for such a choice, at any rate."

"I thought you would say so. I should be very sorry to apostatize, not only for shame at such changeableness, but because, though there are some things about Catholicism which are still irksome to me, I am sure that it suits me on the whole, and has done me the greatest

"Why, Herman, you surely would not deny that Catholicism was, at least, one form of Christianity, if not the only form!"

"I certainly do not deny that the doctrines of the Romish sect contain a certain infusion of

int prosperity; for, how poor or lonely soever their individual lot may be, there can scarcely were come a time to them when some of their riends will not be wealthy, some of them famous, some beautiful, and some beloved; and some generous, friendly soul takes to itself the wealth, fame, beauty, bliss, and each several welfare of all its several friends, and is thus the most wealthy, prosperous, and blessed, of all.

Constance was just putting the last pretty louches to her toilette, a day or two after, and, as it happened, thinking of Clara, the only young female friend quite to her mind whom she had ever had, and conjecturing, fearing, and hoping, about the renewal of their intercourse, when be fed; but how does it fare with the rest of the rank and file? The masses of whole sects are, I suspect, marked in the private characters of o cards. She saw "Miss Arden" on the most of their members by the characteristics of the gave a great start simultaneously. She do to the parlor, longing to have the first appy you have made Herman!" was sincerely grateful salutation, and Contound herself in her arms. In that arm embrace, she rested a moment, like arm embrace, she rested sundertake the pattern of the brancher than by those of the insurance of the rested sundertake to embody. Those persons, for instance, whose of the literature of the singular embrace, she rested sundertake to embody. Those persons, for instance, whose of the literature of the singular embrace, she instance of the singular embrace with bloo

leased her; "you have not forgotten your elder brother."

In this teeth upon? Is it good' for you to do so? He asks for bread—that living bread, which came down from heaven, which Christ lived a life of privation and died a death of agony to what cool, his coolness passed unnoticed. It did not last long; it could not. Constance had never been a person whom it was possible to see often, without strong feeling of some kind see often, without strong feeling of some kind can neither swallow nor digest. 'Offend not constance had not constance hurried on triumphantly: "And Sister Corona—tender and gentle as Clara her self—watching and weeping over the sick orphans as if they were her own"—

"Her Christianity."

"Her Christianity."

"You said just now, madam, that you had no enemies. What is Mrs. Morninglory?"

"Pshaw! a pseudo-rival. I do not dread any who are not able to conceal their pique."

"But, dearest Herman, I do not mean to of-fend or injure any one. If this faith is the best though when she took them out at last, and for me, but not for others, cannot I have and wiped them, all the skin came off on the towel." keep it for myself? I need not be a propagand-

"No, my love; you shall keep it as long as you think it right; but keep it to yourself you cannot; and a propagandist I fear you must be. Every brilliant and distinguished man or woman, who becomes a convert to Romanism-I do not think I exaggerate in saying so-is of necessity more or less a propagandist of Roman-When you 'let your light so shine before

men, that, seeing your good works, they may glorify the Father, they are too likely to gloriinstead the Church of Rome. Thus the dan ger is, that your very virtues are enlisted against e cause of God's pure truth. You are bound to do what in you lies to promote the coming of Christ's kingdom on earth; and Christ's kingdom on earth will be something very dif-ferent from the dominion of the Papacy, unless the Papacy has been very much—almost incredibly—belied. I can understand that morbid, cowardly, self-conceited souls may be glad to shuffle off, as they fancy, the risk of their own personal responsibility upon others, or selfish lovers of excitement to obtain religious excitement at any hazard to their neighbors or country; but I do not believe that generous, high hearted, patriotic persons, like you, have the least idea of what they may be doing to over-throw religion and undermine the prosperity of their native land, when they throw their influence and example into the scale of this superstition. Spread out the map of Europe before you, and lay your finger, if you can, on that Ro-man Catholic country which you would like to have this country resemble a few centuries either the clergy or the laity of these Uni-ted States resemble those of the States of the

ted States resemble those of the States of the Church. Your eyes are saying something."

"But, indeed, I think you must be prejudiced. The Bishop was a most wise and holy old man; and yet he upheld the Church of Rome."

"And therefore you uphold it? A case in point! I beg your pardon, though. That was assertion, not argument. You will forgive

tle arrears of forgiveness, if I recollect right, to be made up on my part, before we can settle our accounts. But let me ask if you have ever thoroughly examined the tenets of the Romish Church?" "Constance, have you?"

"Ah, that is not fair! Never mind me just now. I will tell you by and by."

Now, it really had happened to Herman, as it does to many or most romantic young people, to be slightly threatened with the Roman fever

had, instead of saving Herman the troul next spiritual potentate who came in his way,) sent him word where he could find the mate-

Louis de Gonsague,"* rolling himself upon sharp-pointed thorns by night, instead of a salubrious mattress, and studied with a sadder and more did genius, Blaise Pascal, self-immolated to the gloomy spirit of self-torment, which, under the name of religion, he served; and, on the other. his masterly exposition, in the "Provincial Letters," of the principles of the confessional, as expounded by the Jesuits, and the later revelations of one or two abjuring Romish priests in Europe. But some of the discoveries, which, most need, to Constance. When a sensitive girl has unsuspectingly just sipped at the brim of a poisoued chalice, and by God's mercy escaped alive, who would show her the spider lurking in the dregs, if by any means less shocking she can be kept from drinking more? Moreover—whether rightly or wrongly I do not know, though I, too, would hope the former—he rejoiced in hoping that in this country, up to this time, the Church of Rome had borne quite as many of her fair and sweet flowers as of her baneful and bitter fruits. He believed that, with the remarkable sagacity and power of with the remarkable sagacity and power of adaptation for which she has been justly com-mended, she had her uses for good men as well as bad, and would hardly send the worst specinens of her manufacture into a new and yet

cellent priest, and women of her communi who might have been an ornament to any. He ventured to suggest to Constance, how-ever, that setting up a claim to infallibility was always a suspicious indication of spiritual as well as of medical quackery; and that such a well as of medical quackery; and that such a claim sat ill upon upon a church which had proved itself capable of such little mistakes—to characterize them with mildest charity—as the Inquisition, the elevation of Alexander Borgia to the spiritual headship of Christendom and the fires of Smithfield. He also pointed out to her what seemed to him one or two of out to her what seemed to him one or two the more glaring contradictions between the spirit, and even letter, of the Bible, and some overflowed, too, and danced, and her heart anded over it. Disinterestedness is the truest interest, after all. Persons of large and

well as in all other Christian sects, was not what was essentially Romish, but what was essentially Christian. Constance was too warm to generalize. "The Bishop," she exclaimed, "after being hard at work all day among the poor, would jump up again cheerfully, at the very beginning of the most interesting conversation with Aunt Cora and me, and hurry away to soothe the deathbed of some poor old ignorant negro cook!"

"But that was his Christianity. So would

leased her; "you have not forgotten your elder his teeth upon? Is it good' for you to do so? | Constance hurried on triumphantly: "And Enough that I trust you, and recognise a

Clinquant "-

and condiments, which, however we may relish directly, without saying another word, and kept them, may weaken and sicken him."

For the National Era. THE TRUE PATRIOT. BY W. H. BRISBANE.

I love to see the sturdy oak, When it resists the stormy blast

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

And at each howling tempest stroke,

Who meets oppression's partisan, And sternly tells him, "I will not."

I love to see the slender reed, When bent before the sweeping gale, Still holding on its go'den seed, That not an stom's worth may fail But more than this the man who saith

When crushed beneath the people's pow'r. And for its triumph bide my hour.'

[Copyright secured according to law.] For the National Era. ASPER: A ROMANCE.

BY EDWARD SPENCER.

How Ruth put on Mourning. Mrs. Fleming has been in the city for a week,

about something, it is easy to see, as she sits there alone in her hotel parlor; very much con the power of those who are inferior to you. worried, much indeed, for a woman of her habit ual composure and serenity. One might even fancy from her expression that she is apprehensive of some impending evil, without being able lect. to guess its character, or the direction from which it will come. She has heard the thunder mutter, but knows not in which way to look for the

It is seldom that Mrs. Fleming soliloquizes. yit don't believe wull not hae the pluck to She is not one of those who are used to let the stand by ye, except a verra few. Then Clinworkings of thought and emotion flow out over the lips. No matter how diseased her mind may be, it rarely betrays its condition by any and insulted, and shamed in pooblic, at the verbal hemorrhage. And this fact shall be our | ball "---

storm cloud.

"It is strange, very strange. There is some-thing wrong. I have been here during a week, and yet not a soul has called, excepting Mr. had the good sense or good forturne to write for advice to his old friend, Dr. Lovel.

That spiritual potentate, according to his custom in dealing with those of his subjects he be, and he is more so than I imagined when I Clinquant, and his manner left a half-impresfirst knew him, he will fail if he dares to play at countercheck with me. And yet I begin to fear him, the only man I ever did fear, except

next spiritual potentate who came in his way,) sent him word where he could find the materials for making it up for himself.

Herman had thus read, by his recommendation, one or two solid church histories, and some admirable numbers of Whateley's "Cautions for the Times," but chiefly the writings of past or present Romanists themselves. He had profanely chuckled over "the thrice-happy St. lt cannot, must not be. Oh my son, my lost, longed-for son. J—, if you could only know, only for a moment know, how deep my love is for you! How I pine for your dear presence! I am alone—my heart was carved to be alone. But why these thoughts? Jasper shall be safe! What meant Clinquant by his familiarity? Ab, ored something, that elegantest and longestpersevered-in culture cannot eradicate. Yet, I

too am the mounted beggar, sores under my doublet, dust and askes in my wallet. Faugh! my fancies run dung-hill-ward to-day. Give Mrs. Fleming an 'ounce of civet, good apothe-cary,' forsooth, or she will soil her lips with such unwonted words! Ah me, my Jasper, I used not to be so."

The door was burst open by an impetuous

hand, and Richard, the gardener, hurried into the room with a single stride. Mrs. Fleming sprang to her feet, pale as marble, and, steadying herself by resting her hand upon the table, near which she had been sitting, said, in a hollow voice:

"Keep me not in suspense, Richard. Tell
me your news. You have bad tidings of Jas-

"Do not alarm yourself unnecessarily, madam. I have no news of Mr. Jasper." An angry flush came over her face as she re and angry nush came over her face as she re-sumed her seat. "Why, then, do you intrude upon me in this unseemly fashion? Your abruptness of coarse frightened me." "I am sorry, madam," said the gardener, humbly, "but I am nearly beside myself, in-

hear what you have to say."

She poured out a glass of water with a hand

if the action helped to restore her composure.

"Now, Richard, tell me what brought you to the city, and why you came in nounced?"
"I came because of a plot, madam."
"A plot!" said Mrs. Fleming, looking at him wonderingly for a moment out of her dark eyes, as if she half suspected he was out of his

with painful anxiety, flitted across her face— only flitted, and was gone, leaving her impas-

tones, "speak out fully what you came to say.

I wish to hear all, and plainly. Speak out!"

"Mrs. Fleming, you have received invitations to a ball next week?"

"Yes, of course."
"You must not."

long time—so long, indeed, that I have come to regard you as a friend, as well as an employer. Perhaps I know you better than any other ter to Mr. Classic."

With it matters where my resolutions are taken. In sease in dressing-gown and shippers to regard you as a friend, as well as an employer. Perhaps I know you better than any other ter to Mr. Classic."

"Is he really false, then?" said Mrs. Flen ing, now thoroughly alarmed. "I have suspected it. Yet I have done a great deal for that man. He owes half his position to me." "Have you never seen through him, madam?

But I do not wonder. He has a very deceiving face, and is wonderfully smooth-spoken. I have himself du known him long. He tried to ask me some state now. questions about you very long ago, but I do not think my style of response was altogether agreeable to the 'old Fox'—at least, he quit hat part of the garden very suddenly, and in high dudgeon. Then I saw the claw under the velvet paw. He wanted to know abune Mr. Juster, where he was, and why he was gone ed? Why am I a second time tortured with the

"They have found out a very little, and vented a great deal more. "Tis a diabolical quant, the brat of a strumpet whose favors were plot 1" said the gardener, very energetically. for the market-place! Why is it—and I all plot 1" said the gardener, very energetically. Then he proceeded: "And your maid, Cla-Then he proceeded: "And your maid, Clarissa, she has left you, I believe?" "Yes-I dismissed her."

" And she threatened you "-

"Yes-go on."
"Do you know, Mrs. Fleming, that Clarissa to her directly from you?' Mrs. Fleming started a little, but responded

what does it matter more?" "It matters this, madam. She is varra bitter grind them into the dust! But oh," and in spite

old falsehoods about you."

"And think you, Richard," said Mrs. Flem-

falling back unconsciously into his native dia-"This Clarissa has tauld her certain stories about ye; weel, you Mrs. Morninglory dis-seminates them far and wide amang thae wimmun, so that they will be everywhere known, and believed, for I tell ye it's only the nature of wimmun to believe all scaundal, and those quant, he does the same to a T amang the men, d'ye see, and they hae planned it betune 'em,

"Aye, madam, as I tauld ye, 'tis a deev'lish' plot. Ye maun not gang to they ball."
"Richard!" said Mrs. Fleming again—she had been walking an and down it.

how pale she was! That ye carried on a correspandence wi'

was forced to flee, on account of his mother's

person until your house"——
"What! they surely don't mean Mr. Classic!" "What! they surely don't mean Mr. Classie!" and my advice is, to trace the charge to its author of the constant of the constan

How those great eyes glared! "By saying? Go on. Tell me says. Don't seek soft words." Oh, the woman's wondrous strength !

"She says, that ye were in the habit of—of receiving Mr. Classic intil your room o' nights, the dumbned hizzy!" nor did a feature twitch. She resumed her seat composedly, and looked the gardener full in

"Is that all of it?" Richard was confused; he stammered, "That is a'—except that you villain Clinquant, I am tauld, hea ben putting his pretty pen at work, and cooking up a story about it, which is to ap-

and cooking up a story about it, which is to appear in the _____ magazine for the nixt month. If the ungrateful beggar!"

"How did you learn all this?"
Richard seemed more confused than ever.

"Why, part I heard through the servant's man, whom Clarissa has been boasting till, and the rest I got from—from a friend."

Mrs. Fleming paused awhile, seeming to reflect; then she looked up again, and said:

"It is a well-woven plot Richard and ad."

flect; then she looked up again, and said:

"It is a well-woven plot, Richard, and admirably calculated to break down one of your weak, weeping women. But me!" added she, with a flaming eye and a defiant wave of her hand—"me! I will shatter them! Crush them! It was for this, then, this petty vileness, that you told me I must not go to the ball?"

"Certainly ye would not wish to be insulted! A few weeks, and the fauseness of the charge will be proven. Wait? ell it blows over before"

be proven. Wait tell it blows over before"——
"Blows over.' Storms blow not over me! I
meet them, and turn them, or they crush me!" (Thus went the proud Clipper into the old stormking's realm, oh, my dear madam, with thy dear Jasper at the helm, too. Shall we say, "Ex hoc disce alterum?") "I thank you, Richard, for your counsel, but I shall go to the ball."

"Let me advise"—

"Nonsense, Richard, you forget." She drew a portfolio towards her, and began writing. "We must prepare for the storm, however, Richard," said she, smiling faintly, "and first to manage Mr. Clinquant. I think I know how to do that, at least." She wrote a few hurried lines in a couple of notes, sealed and directed them, and handed them to Richard. "You must go immediately to Mr. Digest's office, and hand him this. From there, go directly home, and hand that note to Mr. Classic." "To Mr. Classic!" asked the gardener, in wondering dismay. "Yes. He must attend me to the ball."

"But, don't ye see, madam"—

That fair arm waved its queenliest gesture again, as Mrs. Fleming interrapted him with:
"I see, Richard, that you are about to become

"I see, Richard, that you are about to become forgetful of your place again."

"Madam, pardon; I will not offend ye again."

"I did not intend to wound you, Richard," said Mrs. Fleming, very kindly, and extending her hand to him. "I know and am very grateful to you for your devotion. You are your devotion. You are the said of th

Sel me, or I could never have made him so unhapp! Kindest, dearest Clars, forgive me! Take care of me. Don't let me do so wrong again. From that time they were sisters, "Here is Edward," said Clara, as she re
Sel me, or I could never have made him so unhapped to right and wrong. Happed to repeat the weather than any other than any other. Than the selver than any other than the set man and than the strain than the set man and than the to the the to Mr. Classic."

That is all than the to the the than any other than the set ma

Mrs. Fleming smiled, and answered: "Yes." "Then, madam, I have every hope o' defeat-ing the schemes o' these fause-hearted loons, if ours, you know, who has had adventures, and so be your ain plan should fail. Good bye, has kindly commissioned me to make them madam. Ye hae the courage for't. God gie public."
ye good luck agen them a'."

Thank you. Good bye, Richard."

The gardener, after seeing Mr. Digest, returned to the Hall, and delivered his letter to Mr. Classic, who, though greatly perplexed, prepared to obey. The sturdy old Richard next took a journey in the same direction we have "Hum—I suppose so. That is the way you Gilbert Congreve for an hour, and then took his impertinent to ask how much you are paid for way to the city again, arriving there a day or two previous to the ball. How he employed himself during this time, is not necessary to state now.

quinade enaction, you understand. Fifty dollars, I suppose?"

"Exactly." And Mr. Digest took out his

After Richard closed the door behind him, Mrs. Fleming sat with drooping head, and hands folded over her breast, almost prostrated.

"Oh, this is hard," she murmured, "hard, i deed, to bear. Why is my pride thus again assailfoulest aspersion that can light upon a woman? "I fear him, Richard, if he is my enemy. I, who have been so circumspect in action, who But why do you speak of them? Have they can bare my whole heart, so far as it concerns such matters, to the world! And by a Morninglory, too, a light o' skirts herself, and a Clinalone, too-not even my dear son, for whom I nurture this pride, near by to help me in defend ing it? Alone, alone "- and as she bowed herself still lower, the hot tears trickled down rapidly into her lap. Then, with a sudden convulsive effort, she started up, sweeping away the tears from her eyes with a fierce, defiant ges-

"No! They shall not have it to say they have veut.' And her imperatives are not to be with a shrug of the shoulders: "I did not made me weep! I defy them, the vipers-I defy know that. She will be likely to gossip, but them! I will meet them and their wiles, hand to hand, conquer, and set my foot on them. Ay, of her strength, the tears welled up again, "Oh, Jasper, Jasper, come home! come home! Come "And think you, Richard," said Mrs. Fleming, with that haughty gesture of hers, "think you I can be injured by the prating of a servant? Am I used to let such vile matters give me annoyance? Dismiss the subject, if this is say that." the sum of the communication you come to if he comes-will they not triumph over me? is to be a great ball, we acknowledge; but Mrs.

Fleming is used to such; surely, she does not worry about the ball. Yet, that she is worried is your only fault that you are considered will not he triumph over me! Ah, God! may hap—oh, no, not that—mayhap, in revenge, he told Jasper all that terrible past, and Jasper believe it is your only fault that you are considered.

to speak in a quiet, cool way, while Clinquant threw himself back in his chair defiantly: sumed her seat, when Mr. Digest, the lawyer,

who had arranged matters with Plato, was announced, and bade to come in.

"You have heard of the reports circulating respecting me, Mr. Digest!" said she, curtly, but with no visible emotion. "You see I have been foolish enough to shed a few tears about it. I sent for you to consult row in record to it." it. I sent for you to consult you in regard to it."

"At your service, my dear madam. Am exceedingly sorry it has occurred, but I see they

"Richard!" said Mrs. Fleming again—she had been walking up and down the floor, with her hand clenched tightly over her breast—earth of ours is pretty hard to the touch, quite firm planily, and in a few words, what this plot is. All you know, all!"

"They say that ye never lo'ed Mr. Fleming, and that ye did love somebody else in the place where Mr. Jasper went to school."

"Well!" Oh, how hard the word came, how rale she was! er of seeming so—at your wonderful strength and composure in this emergency. Why, nine hun-dred and ninety-nine women in a thousand would be rolling their beds in violent hysterics,

with half a dozen doctors and several pounds

hands together vigorously:

"Excellent—excellent—what power—she can even joke in the midst of it. There is a real enjoyment to one in having such a client; and my advice is, to trace the charge to its au-

tle has to be fought with your peculiar weapons.

Do you think I would take such a little matter as this into a court of justice?"

little matter! I tell you, madam, it is no trifle in the eyes of the law. It is felony, and, though best treated by a merely civil action, is open to indictment, and the penalties are forfeiture of goods and person."
"It was not for any such purpose I sent for you, any how, Mr. Digest. Do you remember having advised me to be careful in my dealings

with Mr. Clinquant, on one occasion, when you met him at my house?"
"Perfectly." "Saying that you had reason to mistrust him

and had the means of proving him to be a vil-lain—a charge which I then imputed to your being piqued at his jokes?"

"Exactly," said Digest, as if taking testi-"Do those proofs give you any power over him—power that could be wielded to his detri-ment?" Mr. Digest rubbed his hands com-

writing a story for one of the magazines, containing certain things that may do me an injury, and which, anyhow, will be exceedingly unpleasant to me. I wish to have that story suppressed before it becomes public. Do you

understand?"

"Aye, and I can do it," said he, "and will do it. "Tis just the fun I like, to decapitate such a twisting chap as Mr. Clinquant. Pd

such a twisting chap as Mr. Chinquant. I'd rather do it than receive a thousand-dollar retainer. This is just the opportunity I have been on the lookout for. But, in regard to the other matter, can I give you any assistance?"

"Thank you. I believe not."

"May I venture to ask whether you are going to be present at this ball, where le beau monde are to assemble, and where I understand le grand coup is to be struck?"
"Yes—Mr. Classic is to wait upon me there

said Mrs. Fleming, in her ordinary tone.

"Grand!" said Digest, springing vivaciously
to his feet, and taking her hand. "Excuse me, but I never saw your equal. Going to face the music, eh—beard the lion in his den? I would music, eh—beard the lion in his den? I would pronounce any one else mad to attempt it, but you—you can do it—you are equal to it. Your pulse is as quiet as can be. You can do it."

Mrs. Fleming disengaged her hand with a slight gesture of impatience, and the lawyer, bowing, took his leave. As he went, he snapped his fingers, and muttered: "She'll do it. She'll be down on them all like an avalanche. And, by Jove, I'll be there to see, as sure as my name's Gloss Diggest. Won't she carry the

ful to you for your devotion. You are my only friend, almost. But let me work out my own purposes, alone. I must not be remonstrated with in matters where my resolutions are taken. In the full missing, as the full missing mis

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"No," said Clinquant, carelessly; "it is not comply with my demands, why, I shall be "And if I do, will you give me that check?"
"By no means. I wish to keep you harm

"What security have I that you will keep

your part of the bargain?" asked Clinquant,

usually do such things. By the way, will it be "There's no bargain about it," said Digest, putting on his hat and moving towards the door 'I've kept this matter secret for five years, be cause it has been to my interest so to do. I shall certainly not use it unless there is a proper

occasion for it. Good day."
"There's a pretty story spoiled in the telling," chuckled he, as he made his way homeward, "How that fellow hates me. Phew! He would murder me, if he was certain of not being ame time, in the coolest and most deliberate caught. But it is not rogues I fear, but honest people," and with this paradox the worthy law-

> [TO BE CONTINUED.] For the National Era.

MEN AND WOMEN. No. L. Wherein Man is Greatly Magnified.

BY GAIL HAMILTON. I am a woman. I am sorry that it is so, but it

my own existence as a forlorn, dismal, wailing, My masculine preferences do not arise from the perverseness of the natural heart, prone to be disaffected towards any existing state of things, since I am universally acknowledged to possess a cheerful, contented, and happy disout of Sub Ross, however plain it may speak to position; nor is it the mere whim of a fickle, capricious mind. It is rather a spontaneous growth of the soil, springing up at all times and of paper from his pocket-book, folded it, and using it as a sort of baton in his fingers, began underlying my whole life, and outcropping at frequent points. Far back, almost to my infan-"Mr. Clinquant, the experiences of a long and active professional life have taught me that no man is more insecure in his position at any time than just when he thinks himself most secure. Let me illustrate my meaning by a story, which, as you are a literary man, may be of use to you some time or other. We lawyers, you know, see and hear a great many things that the world knows nothing about; and very often we get hold of facts and papers that are of surpassing interest, simply because of the history that attaches to them. The story I am about to tell is a case in term. The story I am about to tell is a case in term.

about to tell is a case in point : Some five years tub my horror, and a needle, under all circum-"Do you then think I do not feel such matters acutely, Mr. Digest? That I am not capable of being bowed down with shame? Have no susceptibility to agony?" she spoke these words almost passional matters and the endorsement upon these words almost passional matters. previous to that time, she said—a long way to go back—her husband was an industrious tradesman in a country town, that owed a factitious importance to the immediate vicinity of a large and flourishing college. I see my story me the luxury of bare feet and overalls a large and flourishing coilege. I see my story interests you, Clinquant. Her husband was a shrewd young man, and had made himself quite popular among the student fraternity, by giving them extensive credits. Among those who availed themselves quite largely of this every person in the world should be a woman,

saying that he was waiting for funds, until the day of his graduation, when he gave our tradesman a check for the full amount, clothes, hats, tobacco, pipes, and all included, upon a bank in a neighboring city, saying that funds had just been deposited there for his use, in testimony of which he produced a letter signed by one claiming to be his guardian, in which he was notified that blank dollars blank cents had that day been deposited to the credit of ———.

There is nothing so splendid as a splendid man!

that day been deposited to the credit of ———. You really must be unwell, Clinquant?"

consoling intelligence that said check was nothing worth, because said young man had not nor never had had any funds in said bank.

and inapproachable, and therefore would in ho wise strengthen my case; for they are unique, not as regards women only, but the whole human race. To be a man does not necessarily And the poor tradesman went home, saying to himself, that it was very bad policy trusting smooth-spoken young men. And what is more, he never heard from the young man again, nor got his money. Take care—battery"—said he, as Mr. Clinquant sprang to his feet, and aimed a blow at him with his fist. The astute man take to tabernacle in the flesh of a John Smith? seemed to have entirely lost his self-possession, and with glaring eyes, white face, and bleeding John Smith, the life of Mrs. J. S. is still more

"Assault and battery is an actionable offence,

my dear Clinquant, as well as forgery. There is a policeman across the street—shall I call him over?"

only a check signed "——
"Wait till I finish the story; or will you do i

as you seem to be posted? Let me advise you, however, not to commit yourself. The trades-man, having the milk of human kindness in him, was unwilling to prosecute the forger"—
"D—n you! It was signed in my own name "I am aware of that," said Digest, coolly; "but the young man, in his eagerness to have everything in ship-shape order, and being perhaps at that time inexperienced in such matters, rather overdid it, by getting an endorser upon its back. See, here it is;" and unfolding the paper which he held in his hand, and with which he had all along pointed his discourse, he read:

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

ed, will give the name of the post office changed from, as well as the post office they wish it

All communications to the Era, whether business of the paper or for publication,

"Well, you know they were written pour les dames; and what is a dejeuner, without a little his hat. pocket-book, took a pinch of snuff, and took up

"Ah," said Clinquant, gnashing his teeth.

ver dismissed the subject.

is so. I would a great deal rather be a man; but is what I call jumping to a conclusion. I simply pay you for your labor. So far as the rest been consulted, there would have been a unanibeen consulted, there would have been a unanimous vote for "the opposition;" but my convenience was quietly ignored, and the first inti-

mation I had of the impending catastrophe was

"You'll have to eat your words, then, if you "Ah-I suppose you intend to sue for libel? 'Twill be a smart lawyer can make a case nprofessional ears."
Mr. Digest put on his spectacles, drew a strip

who availed themselves quite largely of this generosity, on the tradesman's part, was a young man, a member of the church, a laboritus student, and considered the first genius in his class. Unfortunately, he was not much blessed with means, and he had the tastes of a student of asthetics for fine clothes, and the fordness of a German professor for tobacco. fondness of a German professor for tobacco. calm, still brow, and all the starry splender of So he had to run up a bill with the tradesman, a thousand nights in the eyes that burn beneath? and, by the time he was ready to graduate, the account was quite a large one. The tradesman began to grow uneasy.—What's the curls the flutter never quite dies out, whose dimpling smile is only less sweet than her ten-der pensiveness? Or, passing from these types matter—are you sick?

Clinquant had grown deathly pale, and was sitting with hands clenched, and eyes fierce

dimpling smile is only less sweet than her tender pensiveness? Or, passing from these types of an extinct womanhood, whose departing left "No—go on; I like the stery."

"You seem to," said Digest, dryly. "Well, the young man put him off from time to time, saying that he was waiting for funds, until the day of his graduation, when he are the stery."

or an extinct womanhood, whose departing left but few traces, we see every day pretty, graceful, and elegant women, some neat, simple, and indistinctly limned; some standing out in bold relief, with regal adornings; and in our daily walks we jostle against an indistinct of the stery."

There is nothing so splendid as a splendid man!

I need not search the pages of history for You really must be unwell, Clinquant?"

It seemed so, indeed, for Mr. Clinquant had bowed his head down upon his hands on the table, and was convulsed with great shudderings and heavings of his whole frame.

"Damn you!" said he.

"Well," continued Digest, "the young man went off next day, and our tradesman went to the city and the bank, where he received the convenience that said check was intelligence that said check was strengthen my case; for they are unique, and with glaring eyes, white face, and bleeding lip, was endeavoring to get round the table at Mr. Digest. That gentleman, however, kept perfectly cool, simply remarking, in a signifiwher as a man I might have sat in kings' whether as a man I might have sat in kings' palaces or ground in the prison-house of pover ty, I put on sackcloth and ashes, bewailing my

> platitudes about woman's opportunities for self sacrifice, moral heroism, silent influence, might of love, and all that cut-and-dried woman'ssphere-ism; pray, don't. I know all about it. I ject, with dedication, introduction, preface, and appendix; but just go to your window the next rainy day, and notice the first woman who passes. See how she is forced to concentrate all the energies of mind and body on herself and her casings. One delicate hand clings is ceaselessly struggling to keep firm hold of

case is pitiable indeed. Down goes one upon the wet flag-stone, detected only by a ominous flapping against the ankles when the garment has become saturated—a loosened held on the umbrella, of which it takes advantage, Brown, so many dollars and cents.' Signed, 'Aulicus Clinquant.' While on the back we read: 'Right. John Macerides,' which latter gentleman, whose name is here taken and immediately sways imminent over the gutter—a convulsive and random clutch at the petticoats—the umbrella righted, a sudden gust of wind threatens to bear it away and read: Right. Sonn Maceriaes, which latter gentleman, whose name is here taken in vain, was, I believe, the then President of the College. Am I right? Well, this latter signature constitutes the forgery to which I had reference."

of which treates to be at away, and, one had not being sufficient to detain it, the other involuntarily comes to the rescue—sweep go the draperies down on the pavement—then another clutch, another adjustment—forward! march! and so on to the dreary, draggled end. Stalk-stalk—stalk—comes up the man behind her, Stalk—stalk—he has passed, Stalk—stalk— stalk—he is out of sight before she has passed a

single block.
Of course he is. One sinewy hand lightly poising bis umbrella; water-proof overcoa close buttoned to the chin; boots. What is the storm to him? I do not